

The Home

Women Who Should Not Marry

There are some women who should not marry, and a Texas paper names among these the following:

The woman who proudly declares that she can not even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she's "been in society ever since she was 15," should not marry. And there are others.

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks she can get \$5000 worth of style out of a \$1000 salary.

The woman who wants to refurnish her house every spring.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.

The woman who thinks that men are angels and demigods.

The woman who does not know how many cents, halves, quarters, dimes and nickels there are in a dollar.

The woman who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons old.

The woman who thinks that the cook and the nurse can keep house.

The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it.

The woman who buys bric-a-brac for the parlor and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors.

The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.

The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive euchre prize.

The Way to Heaven

It is related of a child-waif who found her way into a Sunday-school, and asked the superintendent, who happened to meet her at the door: "Is this the way to heaven?" It was a pointed question and no doubt set the superintendent at thinking about his Sunday-school. Pastors, superintendents and teachers will find it profitable to ask themselves this question. The school ought to be the way to heaven, so ought the church, but to be that it is necessary first of all that those who teach are themselves on the way to heaven, and second, that they point the wanderer to Jesus as the only way that leads to heaven and life eternal.

A Famous Woman

I imagine said D. L. Moody, when Mary died, if God had sent an angel to write her epitaph, he couldn't have done better than to put over her grave, what Christ said:

"She hath done what she could."

I would rather have that said over my grave, if it could honestly be said, than to have all the wealth of the Rothschilds. Christ raised a monument to Mary that is

more lasting than the monuments raised to Cæsar or Napoleon. Their monuments crumble away, but hers endures. Her name never appeared in print while she was on earth, but today it is famous in three hundred and fifty languages.

We may never be great; we may never be known outside our circle of friends; but we may, like Mary, do what we can. May God help each one of us to do what we can! Life will soon be over; it is short at the longest. Let us rise and follow in the footsteps of Mary of Bethany.

Getting the Worst

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind; the one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.

"That's What I'm Here For"

It was the uniformed young porter who said it, as he smiled pleasantly on the woman whose bundles he had started to carry for her says an exchange. The station was full of travelers, hurrying to and from their trains, but the porter was not in the least hurried. He was quiet, ready, helpful; and he found a seat for the woman in the right car, and repeated, as she thanked him for his trouble, "That's what I'm here for, madam, all day long; just to see that people get aboard all right." Then he went back to the gate, and promptly helped somebody else to another train. Cheery and pleasant, he carried babies, lifted heavy bags, reassured nervous people who were afraid the train would start without them, and made himself generally helpful, hour after hour.

"That's what I'm here for." The cheerful words carried an unconscious message. The porter's lot was not a very pleasant one. Perhaps he, too, longed to travel away from the hot city to the sea or the woods, yet all the year round he was shut within the crowded station, with its tracks and platforms. Few thanked him for helping them, and he could

hardly have been blamed if he had been a trifle cross over his work. But he had no such thought; he was there to be helpful, and his heart was in his work.

The woman who had been helped to her seat by him thought it over as the train rolled away. She was one who had carried many burdens for other people, and had had few thanks. She seemed to herself to have spent her life in starting other people off where they wanted to go, and staying behind herself; and, lately, she had felt rebellious about it. But the young porter's words started a new line of thought. "That's what I'm here for," she said to herself, "and it isn't my business to complain or to question. If he can do his day's work in that hearty spirit, I guess I can, too," and she felt her heart lighter than for many a day. The porter did not know it, but he had preached a whole sermon in five words that afternoon.

Sisters' S. C. E.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Do you know dear sisters, what is one of the most subtle hindrances to the progress of the S. S. C. E. and to the church work in general? Is it the all absorbing interest we have in our home duties, our families or even our friends? Truly that is one very common fault, yet there is another equal to it or greater. It is that stealthy monster, mildly named ill-health. To see an invalid or even a sick-bed, now and then in the homes, does not bring this forcibly to one's mind, but it is when you see them in a mass as in the hospitals that one is made to realize the awful change disease works in the affairs of this world. Not only are the patients themselves cut off from doing anything for their fellow-men, but they hold in thralldom a host of nurses that *might* do far more good for themselves and for others in some higher sphere of life. I would not underestimate the profession of a nurse for they may do much good at the bed-side, tho few do, and, too, nursing has a strange fascination for the one who makes the welfare of the patient her own.

Neither would I censure the afflicted, for like the rest of us they don't usually choose their lot.

How often poor health has driven the pastor from his hungry flock, the evangelist to build up again and both to an early grave. If it does not manifest itself in open suffering it robs its victim of all energy, with no ambition but to rest, and too tired after a day's work to talk about attending services. Especially does this truth apply to our own work—woman's work in the church. More often you find this class absent at your S. S. C. E. meetings than the active workers on account of illness. And if it touches the president the meetings are postponed, and the Lord's work suffers more than we can know.

Despite the few noble examples of invalids